

## THROWN UPON THE STAGE.

The Way English Audiences Award Popular Players With Gifts.

There have lately in the provinces been several sensational nights at prominent theaters when to mark the last performance of a local pantomime all manner of gifts have been thrown upon the stage for the benefit of popular performers.

All those acquainted for long with the inner life of the theatrical profession can tell some remarkable stories of these gifts cast upon the stage. The most celebrated and universal of these relates to a lady who once held the main portion of the lease of a prominent London theater. While this lady was still an actress only and not a manageress, an actress of great talent and beauty, there was one night on the first production of the piece a small bouquet cast upon the stage at her feet. Attached to the bouquet was a small Russia leather card case, and inside this were bank notes to the value of £1,000 exactly. On no fewer than seven different occasions, with a tolerably long interval between, did the same thing occur, and the lady, as alleged, has never from that day to this discovered who her admirer was, though all manner of romantic conjectures were made at the time.

Even within the last few weeks an unknown elderly gentleman threw an envelope weighted with pennies and containing a five pound note to a tiny child performing in a London suburban pantomime. Some theaters have been celebrated for their gift nights, all manner of presents, from frying pans to green vegetables, having been gently deposited on the stage for the popular actors; yet, on the other hand, both writs and summonses have been handed to actors who could not be approached through the stage door, but who consented to receive presents over the footlights on their benefit nights.

The most curious sight the writer ever saw in connection with these gift throwing nights was in relation to a favorite actor who, at a great provincial theater, played during a long pantomime run the part of a parasite named Cadgi, who carried a pipe that had a huge bowl and whose oft repeated cry was, "Can any one oblige me with a bit o' 'bacca?" On the last night of the performance the familiar request for a "bit o' 'bacca" had no sooner been spoken than literally scores of packets and "screws" of tobacco of every imaginable kind were thrown upon the stage, more than 120 of these falling about the actor.—London Tit-Bits.

## His Present.

"John," she said, "your little wifey has been saving up her money to buy you a nice present."

"Good little wifey," he replied. "What is it?"

"A smoking jacket," she explained. "And I saved the money all myself out of the house allowance. Wasn't I thoughtful?"

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "And now I wish you'd bring me home some more money tonight."

"What did you do with what I brought home last night?" he asked in some surprise.

"Oh, that's what I saved the smoking jacket money out of," she answered, "and there wasn't any left."—Chicago Post.

## Not to Be Hushed.

Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island, who died at the age of ninety, refused up to the day of his death to accept the assistance of a condutor bishop, declaring that he was perfectly able to perform his duties and care for his people. At a meeting of the clergy in the last year of his life Archbishop Bryan was requested to call the meeting to order. The archdeacon arose and requested the delegates to give attention, remarking:

"The bishop wishes to say a few words."

"A few words, sir; a few words!" interjected the bishop. "I would have it understood, sir, that the bishop will say as many words as he pleases."

## The Benefits of Prayer.

"Now, honestly," said the unbeliever, "have you ever been helped by prayer? Can you point to a single instance in which you can truthfully say that praying has done you the slightest service?"

"I should say I could!" replied the good old elder. "If I hadn't stopped to say my prayers the other morning I'd have caught the 7:40 train into the city, and instead of sixty-one passengers killed and injured in the wreck I'd have probably made the sixty-second."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Polite Butcher.

Boy (in butcher's shop)—My mother sent me back to let you see what a big bone there was in the pound of beef she bought last night, and she wants another pound without bones. Butcher—Tell your mother the next time I kill a cow without bones I'll send her a leg for nothing.

## A Romancer.

"I see Jones is going to write a novel."

"I never thought he had imagination enough for that."

"The deuce he hasn't! He's been making out expense accounts for nearly eleven years."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Her Own Ticket.

"Well, of course, I don't know how the young man will turn out. Marriage is a lottery."

"Yes, mamma, but a girl should hardly be expected to let her mother select her ticket!"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.—Cowper.

You get the news in the Daily Virginian.

## ORIGIN OF PLUM DUFF.

How a Famous Dish of English Sailors Got Its Name.

There are many traditions respecting the origin of the name "plum duff," the great holiday dish of sailors. No feast on shipboard is considered perfect without it. According to the story given in the history of the British navy, an English brig in the south Pacific was caught in a series of awful hurricanes. All on board were anxious to reach a port in time for Christmas, but the holiday found them still off the Navigator islands. Worst of all, they had shipped a sea that carried away the hen coop containing a few chickens.

When the cook saw the Christmas dinner floating in the lee scuppers and in danger of going overboard he made a gallant charge down the slippery, sloping deck to recover it, but at that moment a great wave rose high over the bulwarks, broke with resistless fury on the very spot where he stood, and when it subsided cook and chickens had both disappeared.

This unfortunate accident left the crew not only without a Christmas dinner, but without any one to prepare an ordinary meal. The sailors were heartily sick of "hard tack" and remembered with longing the famous plum pudding of merry England. They determined that somehow they must have a Christmas pudding and drew lots as to who should be the cook.

The choice fell on the boatswain's mate, a brawny son of the Emerald Isle. In the galley he found an old cookbook. This he solemnly pored over in search of something promising, but for lack of skill or materials found nothing he dared venture upon. At last he settled upon a recipe which began, "Make a stiff dough." When he reached the word dough he said to himself, "If r-o-u-g-h spells ruff, d-o-u-g-h spells duff."

So he made the pudding, putting in some fine Malaga raisins, and served it out with a generous quantity of rich sauce. The sailors hailed it with delight and appreciation. "What d'ye call it?" they asked. "Plum duff," said the proud cook. And plum duff it has remained from that day to this.—Manchester Times.

## JAPANESE PROVERBS.

The error of a minute, the sorrow of a lifetime.

After having tasted bitterness one becomes a man.

It is more difficult to keep a fortune than to make one.

The life of an old man is like a lighted candle in a draft.

It is easier to find a thousand recruits than one general.

The capital and the fireside have each their own attractions.

Before we can sympathize with others we must have suffered ourselves.

Do not be slaves to your children. They will have their happiness later.

The wise man shapes himself according to circumstances, as water takes the shape of the vessel into which it is poured.

## A Hard Problem.

"Is this Mme. Pompon?" breathlessly inquired a man who had climbed several flights of stairs and been admitted into a darkened parlor. "It is," replied the stately personage whom he addressed. "The famous clairvoyant and fortune teller?" "The same." "Do you read the mind?" "With perfect ease." "Can you foretell the future?" "The future holds no mysteries that I cannot unravel." "Can you unfold the past?" "The record of all things past is to me an open book." "Then," said the caller feverishly, taking from his pocket a handful of silver, "I wish you would tell me what it is that my wife wanted me to bring home without fail this evening and name your price. Money is no object."

## No Quarter.

A farmer tells of an old Irishman in his employ whom he once permitted to make use of certain land for farming purposes on condition that Pat should give him one-fourth of the crop he raised. At the harvesting of the crop the farmer was amazed to find the Irishman had not kept his part of the agreement, for while he hauled away three wagon loads of produce he had not sent a single load to his master's barn. The farmer called Pat's attention to the fact that he had taken the entire crop, asking: "Now, how's that, Pat? Wasn't I to receive a fourth of the crop?" "You was, sir; you was," excitedly exclaimed the Irishman, "but there's only three loads, sir; only three loads."

## His Persistence Triumphs.

"I wrote you," she said, "to call and get your letters, which you did. Then you immediately wrote me another. I can't understand it."

"Why, then I had another one to call and get, didn't I?" he returned.

Then, seeing there was only one way to get rid of him, she promised to marry him.—Chicago Post.

## He Knew It.

"Ah, Mr. Frankly," exclaimed Miss Gusher, "your secrets are so beautiful! You are surely 'the great poet.'"

"That's what," replied Frankly, who disliked argument. "You can't get up a debate with me on that point."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Classified.

Charlie—Papa, the Whites have a new nurse. Papa—What is she, son—French or German? Charlie—I don't know, papa. I think she's broken English.—Life.

## The Two Kinds.

"The great art of conversation is to tempt other people to talk."

"Yes, but some people need to be headed off."—Cincinnati Tribune.

The "Country Circus" will be at Grad next Thursday.

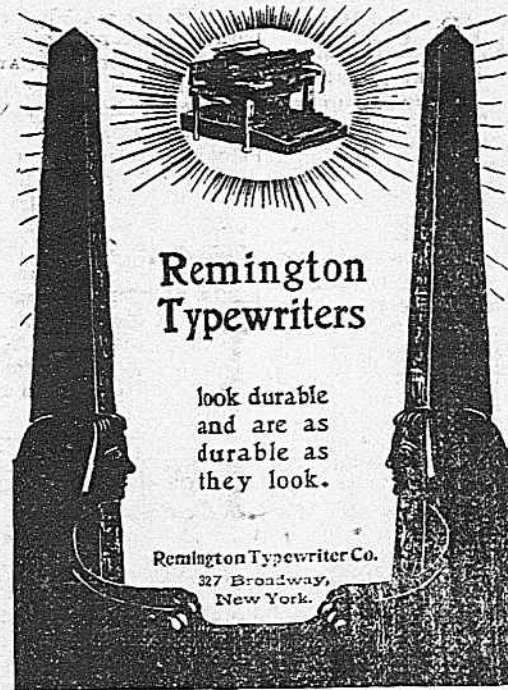
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## SAYS HE WILL NOT RESIGN.

President Underwood, of Erie Railroad, Denies Report.

Mr. F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad Company, has returned to New York from a visit of several weeks to Europe, and is said to have denied any and all knowledge of a prospective change in the presidency of the Erie, as was reported during his absence. Mr. Underwood was formerly general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Of the report that Mr. Underwood will retire as president of the Erie, the Wall Street Journal had the following to say:

"Mr. Underwood has no intention of relinquishing the Erie presidency, and never had any. This statement can be made positively and without any qualification whatever. The largest interests in the property are well satisfied with Mr. Underwood's management of the road's affairs, and Mr. Underwood, who accepted his present position with a definite purpose, feels that this purpose has not yet been accomplished and that until it has been his duty is clear. He will continue to direct the company's affairs until Erie takes its proper position among the trunk lines."

## The Worst of All.

"Pa, is retribution the worst thing a person can have?"

"No. It isn't half as bad as the feeling one has after he has confessed and then discovered that he wouldn't have been found out if he had kept quiet."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## She Thought So Too.

Little Brother—Do you know, Mabel, I believe if I weren't here Captain Spooner would kiss you.

"Leave the room this minute, you impertinent little boy!"—Punch.

## Ill Advised Project.

Johnson—I's thinkin' ob ma'ayin' dat youngest Thompson gal. Jackson—Don't do it, niggah. Don't do it. Dat gal cannot keep a job more'n two weeks. Don't do it.—Albany Journal.

On the Peabody estate, in North Tarrytown, N. Y., a clay deposit has been found worth, it is declared, millions of dollars. The land was in the market for years at \$40,000, with no purchaser. The discovery was made by a civil engineer who was surveying the land. Borings have been made to a depth of 75 feet and the bottom of the deposit has not been reached.

The average annual contribution in American Protestant churches is \$12 per capita.

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In New South Wales the work of harvesting this year's wheat crop is nearly completed, and the government estimates place the yield at 11,000,000 bushels above the best previous record. Seventeen million bushels are now available for export.